

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

Scene One: The Stage And Auditorium - Under New Management

Scene Two: The Stage And Auditorium - The First Performance

Scene Three: Outside Christine's Dressing Room - A Mysterious Conversation

Scene Four: Christine's Dressing Room - An Empty Room

Scene Five: Richard's Office - A Communication From The Ghost

Scene Six: Outside Richard's Office - An Alternative Explanation

Scene Seven: A Churchyard - The Angel Of Music

Scene Eight: Outside Carlotta's Dressing Room - A Vocal Problem

Scene Nine: The Stage And Auditorium - A Farewell Performance

Scene Ten: A Corridor Near The Stage - The Ghost's Allowance

Scene Eleven: The Roof - The Phantom Of The Opera

Act One - Scene One: Under New Management

The stage and auditorium of the Paris Opera House at the turn of the nineteenth century.

The boxes are on stage, the curtains are closed, the chandelier and the House Lights are on. On cue, a quiet sinister drone creeps in under audience chatter. Once established, House Lights and stage Lights fade to Black-out. In this, the CURTAIN opens. A long shaft of "working light" builds along the floor from UL, followed by a dim acting area. UC, below the second portal, is a very tall pair of wooden step-ladders, the 'A' shape facing the audience. Beyond, in the blackness, there are a couple of paint-spattered chairs with pots of paint and brushes lying about.

After a moment, Jammes enters from UL, crossing behind the ladder to UR, on her way out after a long rehearsal. She is a pretty, teenage ballet dancer, wearing a practise skirt and shawl, carrying a reticule, her black hair done up in a neat bun. As she passes the ladder R, she becomes aware that the stage and auditorium is empty, and pauses to peer out. Seeing no-one, she runs to C. There is still nobody about. Delighted, she tosses her shawl and reticule off R, moves back to C, strikes a pose, and begins to dance. The dance becomes a set of pose turns, travelling to DL, where the last one goes wrong, and she falls over. Her muttered 'shit!' is well audible but she rises to smile prettily and continue. She finishes in a low pose R. As she does so, a white rose is tossed from high above to land before her. Big sting in the music. She picks the rose up and turns quickly to peer off R. Another big sting. Slowly she lifts her eyes, higher and higher, the music building, until she is pointing almost straight up to where the rose came from.

Jammes: (screaming) It's him! It's him! He's been watching me!

Screaming, she runs off L, her screams taken up by the other girls, fading away down corridors. The music stops except for a thin sound of strings. A lengthy pause, then a sudden high-pitched giggling cry is heard from the rear of the auditorium, hopefully making people jump. It is from Remy, who can be seen blundering down an aisle, L, followed by Richard. Richard is in a coat and top-hat, carrying a cane. Remy carries a ledger and pencil. He wears glasses.

Richard: (irritably) What is it, Remy?

Remy: I banged my nose on this pillar, sir. It's so dark in here.

Richard: Why don't they turn on some lights? I'm the new manager of the Paris Opera House, not a bloody owl.

Remy: I did tell Mr Debienné we were coming, sir.

Richard: Not loudly enough, it seems. Now come here.

Remy: What about my nose?

Richard: Bring it with you. (He climbs steps up onto the stage, L) This is intolerable. It's my first day here, and I'm being completely ignored. You're my secretary, Remy, do something!

Remy: (clambering up steps) How many steps are there, sir?

Richard: I think there are five.

Crash and yell from Remy.

Six. Now get up, and turn on some light!

Bright lights build, revealing Richard standing and Remy, lying flat, extreme DL.

Well done, Remy. You see how easy it is when you try?

Debienne drags Jammes on from L, crossing to R.

Debienne: *(To her)* Come on, you silly girl. We've turned the stage lights on for you, there's no need to be frightened. *(He pushes her in front of him, and indicates above)* There you are - nothing.

Richard and Remy ease UL trying to see what he's talking about.

And don't spread silly rumours. There's a new manager due, and he's a pompous old -

Richard: Debienne!

Debienne: *(spinning around)* Good Lord, I'm awfully sorry, sir. We were expecting you later.

Richard: That's quite obvious. *(He indicates Jammes)* Now what's all this about?

Jammes: *(leaping up and down, doing entrechats in her excitement, pointing)* I saw him, sir, I saw him! Clear as anything!

Richard: Saw who? What is she talking about?

Debienne: *(quickly)* Nothing, sir. Imagination. Allow me to present Miss Jammes - a member of our Corps de Ballet. *(To her, with meaning)* Mr Richard - our new manager.

Jammes: Oh, shit -

Debienne claps a hand to her mouth, spins her into a pirouette, and she bows, low.

Debienne: *(presenting her)* She says, hallo.

Richard: Get up, girl, get up. I hate fuss. In my previous capacity as President of the Northern Railways, I had it eradicated entirely. *(He looks about)* And where's my son? *(To Debienne, accusingly)* We've lost my son.

All move about the stage, looking for him.

Raoul!

Raoul: *(in the auditorium, R)* Just taking a dekko at the auditorium, Dad. No need to panic.

He runs up steps R onto stage, and crosses to C, a good-looking if slightly daft young man, wearing a hat and coat, with a white rose in his button hole, carrying a cane.

Splendid, isn't it?

All move back downstage to peer out front.

Richard: *(dubiously)* Some of it.

Raoul backs upstage during the following, and continues his exploration off R, to reappear in Box Six, where he takes off his hat and leaves it, together with his cane. He smiles on Jammes who sits against the box doing exercises. Throughout the play, she is never still.

Personally, I've always thought of the Paris Opera House as being more - more -

Remy: Bigger, sir?

Richard: Quiet, Remy. *(To Debienne)* Why isn't it more...bigger?

Debienne: *(snatching at anything)* It's the lighting, sir. Our man Mauclair turns on the gas, and the whole place is transformed.

Remy: Yes, and speaking of lighting, Mr Debienne, that chandelier doesn't look too secure.

Richard: I shan't tell you again, Remy. *(To Debienne)* Debienne, that chandelier doesn't look too secure.

Debienne: *(desperately trying to remember when he last had it checked)* Well, I hope it is, sir. Must weigh half a tonne.

Richard: Precisely. What if it were to fall down?

Debienne: *(incredulous)* Fall down? Our chandelier? *(After a beat, he points)* What, you mean on those seats there?

Richard: *(pointing with cane)* Yes, and possibly there - and there - or even there.

Brief pause, having thoroughly alarmed anybody sitting underneath the chandelier.

Remy: Well, the cheap seats will be safe.

All turn to glare at him.

Faust: *(singing off, L)* Appear, Satan! Appear!

Richard and Debienne break R, Remy DL a little, looking about them.

Mephistopheles: *(singing off, L)* I am -

He swings on a rope to land up LC.

- here!

He struts down LC to strike a menacing masculine pose. He is dressed in a traditional red devil in doublet, hose, boots, horns, black beard, moustache and long tail.

Richard: *(staring)* Who the devil are you?

Debienne: *(quickly)* Well spotted, sir. It is the Devil. Mephistopheles, actually - rehearsing for tonight's performance of *Faust* *(To Mephistopheles, behind Richard's back, indicating him carefully)* Mr Richard - our new manager.

Mephistopheles: *(camp)* Oh! Enchanted!

He tries to take Richard's hand, but Richard isn't having any of it.

D'you like the new entrance? The producer wants me to make this sudden, surprise, supernatural out-of-the-air-from-nowhere appearance *(turning to Remy)* and I think it's rather good.

He moves back to the rope, handing it off to a stagehand and meets Faust who enters from L, wearing his dressing gown - a plump, pompous tenor.

Remy: Incidentally, who's singing Faust this evening?

Faust: I am. *(He moves down)* I always sing Faust. *(He hold out his hand to Richard)* I only sing Faust.

Richard: *(going to take his hand)* Well, I hope you sing it well.

Faust: *(withdrawing his hand, offended)* Sing it well? Of course I sing it well. *I'm singing it, aren't I?*

Debienne: *(hurrying DC)* We all sing well here, sir. In fact, we've prepared a little musical *(he claps his hands to orchestra)* introduction for you.

With squeals of delight, Faust, Mephistopheles and Jammes join Remy DL to form a tight little group, Jammes kneeling at the front and hitting her pose instantly at the end of the introduction. Debienne moves a little up LC.

SONG 1: WELCOME, SIR, I'M SO DELIGHTED

They congratulate one another in ad-lib during any applause, Faust and Mephistopheles crossing to be near the box L, Jammes squatting before them, Remy crossing DR, Raoul breaking UC to look off UR, Debienne shaking Richard's hand, C)

Debienne: Oh, well done, sir!

Richard: Yes, I knew singing in the Stock Exchange Choir would come in handy one day. *(He crosses below Debienne to UR, joined by Remy on his L)* Good luck for tonight.

Debienne: *(quickly keeping level with him, UC)* Erm - there is one tiny fly in our ointment, sir. La Carlotta - our principal soprano...

The group DL cast up their eyes, shake their heads.

Richard: What about her?

Debienne: She's lost her voice.

Richard: Jolly good.

He and Remy turn to go R. They stop and do a take.

What? *(He turns)* Lost - lost - ?

Remy: Her voice, sir.

Richard: Quiet, Remy. *(He moves DR centre)* This is a catastrophe! The first performance under my management - cancelled!

Raoul: *(hurrying down to his L)* No, Father, there's a new girl singing Carlotta's place...Christine Daae.

Music. At the mention of the beautiful creature, all beam happily. Remy putting his hands on the right side of his chest. Richard stares at them all.

An admirable creature, with the most exquisite voice.

The music stops.

Richard: *(glaring at him)* Christine who?

Raoul: Daae, sir.

Debienne: She's a - *(trying not to say it too loud)* - chorus girl, sir.

Richard: A chorus girl?

Raoul glares at him, moving round upstage, Debienne forced a little UR.

Why wasn't I consulted? This is most improper. *(He crosses L)* Who decided that an unknown - a mere chorus girl - should take the place of the great Carlotta tonight? *(He drives Debienne back to Box Six, R)* Will somebody tell me? Well?

Madam Giry: *(off)* It was the ghost -

Music.

- sir.

The lighting checks a little.

Madam Giry enters from L, crossing to C, and then moves straight downstage. She is tall and gaunt and glides on, dressed in a severe grey dress.

Richard: Ghost? Did somebody say ghost?

Faust: They did.

By now, she has moved down into Richard's eyeline, and Mephistopheles moves in a little.

Mephistopheles: You've a lot to learn about this place, Mr Richard. *(To Madam Giry, waspish)* We're a superstitious lot.

Madam Giry: *(holding a hand to him but not looking at him)* Quiet! *(As Mephistopheles reacts)* You'll upset *(looking up at the chandelier)* - him!

Richard stares at her, stares at the chandelier, then turns to Debienne, his voice cracking with incredulity.

Richard: Who the hell's this?

Debienne: Madam Giry, sir - our Chief Box Keeper. She's been here ever since the theatre was built.

Richard: *(to her)* You can't be serious! A ghost in the Opera House!

Madam Giry: You'll find out soon enough. Why do you think the last manager left? He's got a lot of "pull" round here, has our ghost.

Richard: Has he, indeed? Well, haunting us is one thing, recasting my operas is altogether too much, so tell him from me he's to watch it. *(He turns to go then turns back to her)* Oh, and incidentally, I shall be attending *Faust* this evening. Reserve me a box, will you. *(He indicates the box L)* That one will do.

Madam Giry: *(horrified)* Box Five?

Music, underlaying all of the following is the 'Ghost' theme. Finding themselves near the dreadul place, Faust, Mephistopheles and Jammes shriek and scoot UC. In the background, Raoul climbs the ladder to get a better look as Madam Giry crosses to Box Five, and lays a gloved hand on it.

I don't recommend it, sir.

Richard: And why not, pray?

Madam Giry: Box Five is reserved for the Ghost, sir. It's always been that way - ever since the Opera House was built.

Richard: This 'Ghost' and his friends seem to have a well-oiled little racket going on here. *(He crosses to her)* Is there anything else we have to provide for 'him'?

Debienne: Only his allowance, sir.

Raoul: His *what*?

Remy: *(crossing to him)* It's written into the lease, sir. Apparently, this Ghost is to receive an allowance of 20,000 francs a month.

Richard: 20,000 francs a month! *(He forces him UR)* Who put that in the lease?

Madam Giry: Nobody knows. When it was drawn up, the clause just appeared - written in blood in a strange crabbed hand.

The music ends on a eerie scrape.

Richard: I see now why I was appointed to this place. The steadying hand that stamped out corruption in the Left Luggage Department of Northern Railways is required, and I mean to start immediately. In the meantime, I want *that* box - tonight - for *me*. Is that clear, Madam Giry?

Madam Giry: Oh yes, sir. But don't blame *me* for what happens.

Richard: Ghosts, indeed! *(He crosses UR)* Come, Remy. I've never heard of anything so - so -

Remy: *(to Madam Giry, following him)* Outrageous!

They disappear, R.

Madam Giry crosses a little, to C, watching them.

Madam Giry: He'll find out - just like the last one did.

Mephistopheles: *(coming down to her L)* You and your spooks, Madam Giry. You *are* a caution.

Madam Giry: *(rounding on him, making him flinch back)* And you! *(She turns back R, pointing at the others, sweeps round in a big circle to UR)*

The others all flinch back: Debienne to DR, Faust and Jammes to UC, Raoul descends the ladder.

You'll *all* find out. Just you wait...and see.

Debienne: She has a point, my friend. Don't meddle.

Mephistopheles: But I mean! Ghosts! There are no such things. *(He crosses DC and calls out front)* You hear that, Phantom? You don't exist.

He turns to go. It was all very casual. But the echoing, whispering voice of the Phantom is heard in the auditorium.

The Phantom: *(off, whispering)* You don't exist.

A pause. Jammes dances DR to Debienne, Faust hurries DL, Raoul to up LC, all staring out front)

Jammes: What was that?

Raoul: An echo - that's all.

Debienne: Are you sure?

Faust: *(to Mephistopheles)* It didn't sound like your voice.

Mephistopheles makes an angry gesture, draws himself up fully, stalks to C, and challenges the dark auditorium.

Mephistopheles: You...don't...exist.

They all listen. There is a long - a very long - silence. Then Mephistopheles makes a gesture of triumph, and turns to go. As he does so, the whisper is heard again, louder, each word from a different part of the auditorium, echoing.

The Phantom: *(off, whispering)* You...don't...exist.

Mephistopheles: *(panicking)* What does he mean, I don't exist? I exist all right! *(To Faust)* Feel me!

As Faust shrinks back, Mephistopheles turns to Debienne and Jammes.

Feel me! *(As they shrink back)* Well, do I exist, or don't I?

Faust: *(full of foreboding)* For the time being.

Music, as he goes, L.

Raoul: It was only an echo, you know.

Mephistopheles: *(recovering)* Yes...Yes, of course it was. *(He takes Jammes' hand)* Come on, let's go to the bistro. *(As he leads her off, L)* It's your turn to pay.

They go, L, Jammes casting a look back at the dark auditorium, followed by Debienne. To Raoul's irritation, Debienne stops and looks back at the chandelier. He comes DC, considers it, holds up his hands, makes a whistling noise, drops his hands like a falling chandelier, and makes a crashing noise. He considers the possibility of this, then dismisses it.

Debienne: *(to audience)* No -

He exits L.

Raoul quickly checks that the coast is clear, runs DL, turns and holds out his arms.

Raoul: Christine!

Music. She runs on from R pausing a moment to look at him.

They then run and meet C, to embrace. The music dies.

Christine: Oh, Raoul, if only your father didn't have this awful prejudice against chorus girls.

Raoul: I think it's because his Mother was one.

Christine: But it's so unfair! Our love should be in the open, for all the world to envy.

Raoul: Don't fret, dearest. After tonight you'll be famous, and everything will be different.

Christine: Famous? I don't think so.

Raoul: But everyone says your voice has improved amazingly.

Christine: *(turning away, R)* Yes. Yes, it has.

Raoul: *(worried)* What's the matter?

Christine: *(dismissing whatever is on her mind and turning back to him)* Nothing. Nerves, I expect.

They go to kiss.

Carlotta: *(off)* Miss Daae!

Raoul: Dash!

Carlotta: *(off)* Where is the girl?

Raoul: Blast! We'd better not to be seen together.

He hurries to Box Six to pick up his hat and cane.

Debienne: *(off)* She's on stage.

Raoul: I'll see you after the performance - to offer my congratulations.

Carlotta: *(off)* Then get out of my way!

Raoul gives her his buttonhole - a white rose.

Raoul: Till then.

He hurries off, R.

Debienne: *(off)* But Madam Carlotta -

Carlotta: *(off)* I tell you I wish to see this girl!

A slap, a cry from Debienne, and Carlotta, an imposing Spanish diva, carrying a distinctive fan, sweeps on to glare at Christine.

So!

Debienne: *(off)* Bitch.

Carlotta: You are the little nobody who thinks to take the place of the great Carlotta? *(She flicks open her fan)*

Christine: *(bobbing a curtsey)* No, madam, I wouldn't presume to do that.

Carlotta: And yet I have heard a lot about this newly discovered voice of yours. What are you, a witch, that you can produce such an instrument from out of the air?

Christine: I don't know, madam. It just seemed to happen.

Carlotta: Well, listen to this. *(During the following, she moves in a circular manner, towards Christine, then to L, and to LC - a precise position for what follows)* You may go on tonight - that is all. You cannot hope to be anything more than a disappointment. And afterwards, we shall see whether there is any more need of you. We're very over-staffed, they tell me. In fact, I make this prediction: the new manager here will feel he has too many mouths to feed, and decide to make some savings - beginning with you.

Behind her, the huge ladder has begun to topple forwards.

Christine: Look out!

Carlotta turns as the ladder brushes her and crashes to the stage. It is worth making the point here that the ladder must fall very near Carlotta and must appear very dangerous. A pause whilst Carlotta recovers. She hurries up to peer into the darkness upstage, but there is nobody there - the ladder stood in the middle of an empty stage. She turns to Christine in fury.

Carlotta: You seem to have a lot of friends here, Miss Daae! Well, so have I. *(She crosses L)* So have I!

She exits L.

Christine runs to the ladder to stare down at it. Later, she will be unsure whether she heard anything.

The Phantom: *(off, whispering, echoing)* Chris - tine...

She looks up and out quickly. Music crashes out, and the Lights fade quickly to Black-out, her white face the last thing we see. In the darkness the curtain falls in, the orchestra segue tuning-up sounds, and Light builds on:

Act One - Scene Two: The First Performance

The stage and auditorium. Later that evening.

The curtains are lit warmly, as are both boxes, the chandelier at a low level. Madam Giry enters Box Five from the rear.

Madam Giry: *(very disapprovingly)* Box Five, sir.

Richard enters from the rear.

Richard: There's no need to look so frightfully foreboding, Madam Giry - *(handing her his hat, cloak etc.)* - nothing is going to happen.

Madam Giry: No, sir. But when it does, I shall be over here.

She goes and Richard turns to see Remy ushering a young lady into Box Six. All are in evening dress.

Richard: Good-evening, Remy, Miss - erm -

Remy coughs.

Oh, I see. Fingers crossed, eh? Always a fraught moment when we put on - *(whispering)* - an understudy.

Raoul enters the box, handing off hat and gloves to Madam Giry.

Ah, there you are. *(He sits and takes out a programme from a pocket in the box)* I do hope this Christine Daae's going to be all right.

As Raoul sits, Madam Giry hands them both a pair of binoculars.

Raoul: Don't worry, Father. As soon as you hear her, you'll melt - just as I did.

Madam Giry casts up her eyes and goes.

Richard opens his programme with a flourish.

Richard: *(with pride)* Faust by Charles Gounod... *(He lowers his voice)* What's it about?

Raoul: *(studying his own programme)* It's the well-known classic tale, Father.

Richard continues staring at Raoul.

Oh, I see. Well, Faust, an old philosopher, sells his soul in exchange for youth and the love of the beautiful Marguerite. It begins with the old man cursing everything he once believed, and deciding to poison himself - the mortal sin that invokes the Devil. You saw the Devil practising his entrance earlier.

Richard: That's what worries me...

The prelude begins and the Lights begin to fade.

Managing the Opera House is one thing, but having to watch the wretched stuff...

Raoul: Quiet, it's beginning.

A little light remains on the two boxes as the curtain rises. At the rear, the glowing Faust cloth. Before it, a large ornate gothic chair and table, Faust - wearing a grey wig and a hooded cloak - slumped across it. He toys with his tomes, his scrolls, the skull of his mentor, rises, beats his brow, then advances on us to sing. Since he has a large tenor voice, all the boxes flinch back at his first note.

SONG 2: ACCURSED ALL BASE PURSUIT OF EARTHLY PLEASURE

Mephistopheles: *(off)* I am he - aaagh!

He swings on from L, but the rope is now a noose round his neck, and he is choking. It is a strong swing and takes him fully off R. Richard, Raoul and Remy rise. As Mephistopheles begins a swing back, now dead, Debieenne pops his head on from R.

Richard: Good God, what a terrible accident!

Raoul: *(to Debieenne, whispering loudly)* Bring down the curtain!

Debieenne disappears.

Meanwhile, the body has swung fully off L, and is beginning to swing back R again.

Richard: *(to Remy, whispering)* Quickly, Remy, get a -

Remy: *(whispering loudly)* Doctor?

Faust: *(crossing down to him, missing the body by a bit)* No! Fetch an understudy!

Remy and the Lady leave Box Six.

By now, the body is swinging back from off R to off L, pursued by Debieenne.

Richard: *(to the audience)* Keep calm, everybody, keep calm.

Raoul: *(whispering loudly)* They are keeping calm, Father.

Richard: Then tell 'em to keep calmer!

Hanging onto Mephistopheles' legs, Debieenne is dragged back on from L.

Raoul: *(to Debieenne, whispering loudly)* Bring down the curtain!

Debieenne: *(whispering loudly)* We can't! The rope's caught in the pulley.

Richard: *(whispering loudly)* Well, cut him down, then!

Richard and Raoul leave the box quickly. Remy enters R, and assists in lowering the body to the floor, C.

Debieenne: *(during this, shouting off R)* More light here! Where's Mauclair got to again? More gas!

Faust: And where's that understudy? I was just warming up.

Debieenne: Oh, shut up!

Faust: *(taking off the grey wig and beard in disgust)* I have been shut up! That's the problem.

Richard and Raoul hurry on from L, followed more slowly by Christine - in her peasant's costume - and Jammes - in her ballet costume - both just peering on from L. Gradually build bright light. Raoul kneels at the body, L, while Richard hurries downstage.

Richard: *(to audience)* So sorry, ladies and gentlemen. Be with you in a moment. *(He hurries up to Raoul's left)* How is he?

Raoul: *(dropping Mephistopheles' hand)* He's rather dead, Father.

Faust faints into Debieenne's arms.

Remy: *(by the table R, peering up)* How on earth did it happen? It was safe enough this morning.

Debieenne joins him, and now points at the body.

Debieenne: Look! There's a note pinned to the body!

Richard: By George, so there is! Remy, what does it say?

Remy: *(kneeling quickly and reading)* "Pure Silk", sir.

Richard: Not that one! *(He points)* That one! *(He casts up his hands)*

Remy: *(reading, puzzled)* "I don't exist."

Sting. Jammes goes on pointe.

Faust: *(hollow)* "I don't exist..."

He exits R.

Christine: Oh, no!

She runs off, L.

Raoul: Christine, wait!

He hurries after her.

Debienne: *(calling off, R)* Is that rope free yet?

Voice: *(off)* Yes!

Remy: Then you can bring in the curtain!

Debienne is delicately lifting Mephistopheles' legs round so that they don't foul the curtain.

Richard: I'll give the orders here, Remy. We have a crisis. Debienne, you may bring in the - erm -

Remy: *(warning him)* Curtain, sir.

They step smartly forward as it drops into place behind them.

Richard: *(to the audience)* I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, ladies and gentlemen, but as you may be aware a small technical difficulty prevents our continuing with this evening's performance of - the thing. We shall, of course, replace the indisposed Mephi - Mephi -

Remy: - stopheles -

Richard: - as soon as possible, and continue with the performance in a few days time. I trust this is satisfactory.

He turns to find that Madam Giry has entered through the side of the curtain, L holding his hat and cloak. He recoils.

Ah!... *(recovering)* What is it, Madam Giry?

Madam Giry: I said I'd be here when nothing happened, sir.

Richard: Give me those!

He snatches the things from her, and begins his descent into the auditorium, L followed by Remy.

As for you, Remy, I want you to get onto the Coroner's -

Remy: Office?

Richard: At once. I want this whole matter dealt with as soon as -

Remy: Possible?

Richard: Right!

They leave the auditorium, watched sardonically by Madam Giry.

Music, as the lighting fades to Black-out. The boxes truck off, the door flat L hinges closed, and the curtains fly out to reveal the "Corridor" cloth. Music continues as Light builds on:

Act One - Scene Three: A Mysterious Conversation

Outside Christine's dressing-room. Same time.

The lighting is gloomy, a yellow light is showing through the fan above the door to the dressing-room, the sconces

glowing dimly. Raoul hurries on from R.

Raoul: These damned corridors all look the same! *(He turns and looks back off the way he came)* Oh, Jammes - come here, quickly!

Jammes dances on, to land to his R.

Can you help? I can't find Christine anywhere.

Jammes: That's because she's in a star dressing-room tonight, sir - *(pointing with her toe)* - over there.

Raoul: Of course. Thank you.

Jammes dances back off.

Raoul approaches the door.

The Phantom: *(off)* Calm yourself, my dear, calm yourself.

Realizing Christine has someone with her, Raoul turns to leave.

Christine: *(off)* Why did it have to happen?

The Phantom: *(off)* The poor fellow killed himself. It's no concern of ours.

Raoul: *(pausing, puzzled)* Christine?

During the following, shadows flit across the fanlight and Raoul's face.

Christine: *(off)* Everything's ruined. I was going to sing tonight.

Raoul: To whom does she speak?

The Phantom: *(off)* There will be other nights. Carlotta's voice will not recover, I swear...but you will sing only for me in future, Christine - only for me.

Raoul: No!

Christine: *(off)* Yes. I will sing only for you.

The Phantom: *(off)* Then you will know that your soul is mine, and you must love me as only I can be loved. You will know that, Christine.

Christine: *(off, a dead voice that fades, becoming an echo)* I will know that...I will know that...I will know that.

The Light in the fanlight goes out. The music underlay becomes piano only.

Raoul: The villain! Who is he? How dare she? *(He hammers at the door, tugging at the handle)* Christine!...Open this door!...Christine Daae, you open this door this minute...etc.! *(He ad-libs)*

During this, the piano becomes louder and louder, more and more impassioned, Raoul casting glances over his shoulder at it, until finally he cracks and he strides DC to the pit.

Oh, for God's sake, will you stop playing that bloody piano!

It stops.

Thank you. Now can you please tell me, is there another way into Miss Daae's dressing-room?

Conductor: *(pointing right)* Through the chorus girls' room.

Raoul: Thank you.

He crosses R then pauses.

The chorus girls' room?

He whistles, and goes R.

Fast fade to Black-out. Music, through which we hear the startled shrieks of the Chorus Girls. The "Corridor" cloth rises on:

Act One - Scene Four: An Empty Room

Christine's dressing-room. Immediately following.

Christine's dressing-room is dimly lit. At the rear, the second portal is filled with a piece containing a large mirror. To its right are a hat-stand with a garment hanging from it and a large potted plant. To the L, a small dressing-table and chair. On the floor, R, the crushed white rose given to her by Raoul. As the cloth flies out, Raoul hurries into the room from R.

Raoul: Christine!... *(He stares about him)* Empty! She must have left while I ran round. I'll catch her.

The lighting in the room checks sharply, building upstage of the mirror, and at the same time putting a little light on the door to Christine's dressing-room, still in position DL.

Music, and we see the Phantom through the mirror as he runs forward to press himself flat against it, peering into the room. He is a strangely beautiful figure in evening dress, soft broad-brimmed hat and opera cloak. He wears a white mask, and white gloves. There is a hammering on the other side of the door from Raoul and the Phantom leans sharply towards the sound.

After a moment, the hammering stops and Raoul backs slowly into the room.

Locked! From the inside!...but that's impossible, she...

Seeing the rose, he crosses quickly to it, kneeling. The Phantom leans to follow his movement. The music continues. Raoul lifts the rose to his nose, then - the hairs at the back of his neck rising - he suddenly turns to peer into the mirror - too late. The Phantom swings round and disappears upstage, the lighting reverting. If timed correctly, the mirror appears to shimmer, Raoul's reflection taking the place of the Phantom. Raoul stares into the mirror, leaning from side to side, almost sure he saw something. He faces front, then spins suddenly to take another look, hoping to take whatever it was by surprise, but there is still nothing there. He turns back front, his fury taking over.

She was in here!...Talking with a man!...Unchaperoned in her dressing-room!

He sings.

SONG 3: HOW DARE SHE

He pauses, irresolute, unable to make up his mind whether to return to the dressing-room for a further search.

He turns and strides off.

As the music finishes, the Lights fade quickly to Black-out. All this is timed so that he disappears, the Lights snap out, and the play-off ends at the same time. After a moment, the cloth rises on:

Act One - Scene Five: A Communication From The Ghost

Richard's office. A few days later.

All is very bright and airy. There is a large window at the rear, Richard's keyhole desk UC, facing us with a chair

behind. Two other chairs dress the scene UR and UL. Remy is standing by the desk, R, sorting mail, as Richard enters quickly from L, now sporting a natting, light summer suit, little straw hat and carrying gloves and a cane, all of which he hands to Remy after his entrance.

Richard: Morning, morning, morning, morning, morning, morning, morning!

Remy: Morning, sir.

Richard: Don't interrupt, Remy. Ever since the Coroner rules "Accidental Death" last week, it's been one beautiful day after another. Isn't it amazing what a difference daylight makes? Everything's so - so -

Remy: *(carrying things off R)* Light, sir?

He exits.

Richard: *(partly following him)* For once, Remy, you are right. Everything's light! Everything's luminous, lambent and lovely!

Madam Giry enters L carrying a letter.

Richard turns.

Well, nearly everything. What is it, Madam Giry?

Madam Giry: I have a letter for you, sir.

Richard: *(jovially, taking it from her)* What? The postman too, are we, Madam Giry? *(He crosses round to his desk R)*

Madam Giry: I found it in Box Five.

Sting and segue underlay of the "Ghost" theme.

The usual place.

Humming cheerfully, Richard sits to read.

Richard: Usual place? For what?

He hums as he rapidly scans it, his jolly song clashing with ghostly underlay. His expression alters, and he rises again, moving down the right of the desk.

Good Heavens! Remy! Come here and listen to this letter! It's - it's -

Remy hurries back in.

Remy: Bad news, sir?

Richard: It's worse than that. Listen. *(He reads)* "Dear Mr Richard, I was most disappointed you saw fit to use my box on the night of the unfortunate Mephistopheles accident"...His box, indeed! The scoundrel! And look - the word "accident" has been underlined!..."Please see that it doesn't happen again. Please also see that Christine Daae sings the role of Marguerite when the production is resumed this evening. Do not fail me in this, or you must suffer the consequences. Your obedient servant, O.G."

The music stops and they stare at one another.

Richard/Remy: *(together)* O.G.?

Madam Giry: Opera Ghost...

Sting.

- sir.

Richard: So! The rogue's trying his vile tricks on me, is he? Well, not for very much longer. *(To Remy as he bangs the letter down on the desk)* Send for Miss Daae immediately!

Remy: *(putting his hand to the right of his chest)* Oh, may I, sir?

He hurries out L above Madam Giry.

Richard: I mean to get to the bottom of this, Madam Giry. *(He crosses R)* Nobody swindles this theatre while I'm in charge.

A commotion off L.

Ah, here she is now. Come in, Miss Daae.

The Groom enters quickly, crossing straight to Richard, snatching off his cap, followed by Remy to LC.

Groom: Mr Richard! *(He emphasizes the "Rich")*

Richard: You're not Miss Daae.

Groom: Miss who?

Remy: I'm sorry, sir - this is the Groom.

Richard: The what?

Remy: The Groom, sir.

Richard: *(crossing to him)* Will you fetch Miss Daae!

Remy hurries out L.

Groom: Miss who?

Madam Giry: *(to Richard)* He looks after the stables, sir.

Richard: *(to Madam Giry)* What stables?

Groom: The ones we keep the 'effin' 'orses in! Do me a favour, John! Are you Mutt and Jeff, or what? I mean, leave it out! You're gettin' on me West 'ams! Any more of this, and I'm leggin' it down the Frog and Toad back to 'Oxton! Strewth!

Brief pause.

Richard: *(to Madam Giry)* Why is he talking in this extraordinary way?

Madam Giry: He's English, sir. We always have an Englishman to look after the horses. They get on so well together.

Richard: What horses?

Groom: The ones we keep in the stables! What's your game? Brain took a day off?

Richard would like to get his hands round the Groom's throat.

Madam Giry: You can't put an opera on with nothing but a load of music and singing, sir. The public won't stand for it. You've got to have hundreds of extras, thousands of costumes, acres of scenery, twenty-five minutes of ballet, and horses...So we stable our own.

Richard: And where precisely are these stables?

Groom: Three cellars down, mate.

Richard: Three? How many cellars are there?

Madam Giry: Five.

Groom: But we don't count the bottom one. Nobody goes down there. That's the one just over the lake.

Richard: *(demented)* Lake? What lake?

Groom: The underground lake this place was built on! How'd you get this job?

Richard would like to kill him.

Madam Giry: It's where the secret police dropped the bodies during the last uprising. There's a manhole in the floor of the bottom cellar, and the lake's full of bones. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to see to the ushers' soup.

She glides off L.

Richard: *(staring after her)* And I thought I was having trouble with Miss Daae.

Groom: Miss who?

Richard: *(cracking and moving furiously up to his desk from the L)* Look, will you kindly come to the point, and tell me why you're here!

Groom: *(keeping level with him R)* Well, all right! 'E's pinched one of the 'orses!

Richard: 'Oo 'as? *(He collects himself)* Who has?

Groom: The ghost has.

Clenching his fists in rage, Richard sinks down into his chair.

Caesar, me best white stallion. Aida's 'ad it.

Richard: Listen! *(He bangs his fist on the desk)* You've got just one chance of prolonging your employment here! That is if you tell me the whole story!...but in a manner befitting this noble establishment.

Groom: *(shrugging)* If that's what you want, mate.

Music. He strides DR, and snaps a finger. Lights fade quickly and he is hit by a follow spot. As instructed by his superior, he sings opera.

SONG 4: LATE LAST NIGHT I'M IN THE CELLARS

He puts two fingers into his mouth and whistles piercingly, finishing in the same snapped-finger pose as he began, with the lighting restored immediately.

Richard rises and comes round the desk from the L, deceptively calm.

Richard: A ghost?

Groom: Right.

Richard: On horseback?

Groom: Correct.

Richard: Galloping down the corridor?

Groom: Got it.

Richard: You're fired.

Groom: *(crossing to him)* Do what, John?

Richard: *(crossing to R, below him)* Get out, get out, get out!

Raoul enters from L, also dressed in a light summer suit, sweeping off his straw boater.

Raoul: Father, I must speak with you!

Richard: Not now, Raoul.

Raoul: But Father, my life is a shattered ruin!

Richard: It can wait. *(To the Groom)* I thought I told you to -

Remy enters L.

Remy: Miss Daae, sir.

Raoul moans and moves quickly up round the desk to the window, R.

Groom: Miss who?

Christine enters from L.

Richard: Will you go away!

Christine: But you just sent for me, sir.

Richard: Not you! *(To the Groom)* You!

Christine: *(seeing him moving up to the left corner of the desk)* Raoul!

Raoul moans again.

Richard: *(to Raoul)* Shut up! *(To the Groom)* Get out!

Groom: I'm off, don't you worry about that. But you ain't firin' me. I come in 'ere to get me cards, cos there's nothin'll get me down them cellars again.

He speaks into Richard's face, making him flinch back R.

Nothin'!

He crosses L, and speaks into Christine's face, making her flinch upstage.

Nothin'!

He goes L, then returns to shout into Remy's face, causing him to flinch back L and bang his head against the portal.

Nothin'!

He finally exits L.

Richard takes a deep breath, and begins again, crossing to Christine.

Richard: Now then, Miss Daae, somebody is trying to make a monkey out of me. Somebody is trying to pull the -

Remy: *(crossing right, holding his head)* Wool.

He goes, R.

Richard: *(glaring after him)* - over my eyes. Somebody is pretending to be a ghost. But I've seen through it. *(He crosses DL)* Oh yes, Miss Daae. I believe this whole affair to be a put-up job - *(He crosses back to her R)* - a plot between you and your clique - *(He turns back to her)* - your *claque* - of friends - to see that you sing Marguerite in place of the great Carlotta again.

Remy reappears, R, with a glass of water, which Richard takes. Remy exits.

Richard sits at the chair, R.

What do you say to that?

Christine: It's completely untrue, sir. *(She moves up a little, to Raoul)* Raoul, intercede for me. I don't understand you these past few days. You've been so cold, so cruel. Help me.

Brief pause.

Raoul: I'm afraid I can't.

He turns his back on her.

Richard: You see? Even my unfortunate son no longer takes your part. That will be all, Miss Daae. Your contract is terminated. You will leave the Opera House immediately.

With a sob, Christine runs from the room L.

Satisfied, Richard rises, crossing down to the portal, L. The tortured Raoul moves down to the portal, R.

That is the end of that. As for Box Five, I shall use it whenever I please. It shall be my private box.

He leans against the portal, sipping his water. Raoul leans gloomily opposite.

Ha! Ghosts, indeed! Some people will believe anything.

Scrape, and the "Ghost" music underlays all that follows. Lights check swiftly to a tight bright special on the desk, and two dimmer ones on Richard and Raoul. The Phantom's hand shoots up through a tiny hole in the top of the desk, bends to pick up the letter, crumples it, and takes it down out of sight.

As for you, young man, I'm glad to see you've come to your senses, as far as this girl is concerned. You've obviously been seeing her behind my back.

During this and what follows, the hand produces another letter, takes the quill pen from the inkwell, signs the letter with a flourish.

Raoul: She loves another. I was thinking of going to the North Pole.

Richard: Why?

Raoul: It's never been done before.

Richard: I see.

Scrape and the music stops, the hand sinking out of sight, the lighting reverting to normal. Raoul breaks from the portal, shaking off his mood.

Raoul: But tell me, Father, what's put you in such a foul temper? You were perfectly cheerful this morning.

Richard: I will show you. *(He crosses to the desk and hands Raoul the letter)* Read that. *(He breaks back DL)*

Raoul: *(not very interested)* "Dear Mr Richard, since you choose to defy me, I now give you a clear warning. *(His voice changes)* You must call back Miss Daae immediately, and tell her she is to sing tonight, or - "

Richard: That's not the letter! *(He snatches it from him and reads)* " - or suffer the consequences." *(He shouts)* Remy! *(He resumes reading)* "You are also reminded that my allowance of 20,000 francs for the current month is still due. O.G."

Remy hurries on from R to peer over his shoulder.

(To Remy) Did you put this letter on my desk?

Remy: No, sir.

Richard: Then there's only one explanation! Miss Daae must have slipped it there! Quickly, Remy - after her!

He hurries off L, followed by Remy.

Raoul: *(hurrying after them)* But, Father - Father!

Music. Fast fade to Black-out. The Corridor cloth flies in, Jammes takes her position, and the Lights build on:

Act One - Scene Six: An Alternative Explanation

Outside Richard's office. Immediately following.

The corridor is well-lit, but not too brightly. Jammes is on the floor R doing bone-cracking exercises with her foot round the back of her neck, etc. The men are heard off L approaching. There must be no delay here - Richard and Remy continuing ad-lib from the office, entering L.

Richard: I tell you there is no other explanation! *(To Jammes)* You, girl! Where is Miss Daae?

Jammes: She's not here. She's gone. She went out. She's not here.

Richard: Blast! *(He turns, crosses past Remy to go L)*

Raoul enters L.

Raoul: Father, much as Christine has broken my heart, I'm sure she'd never deceive the management.

Richard: You poor deluded boy, the girl is obviously a witch - an imposter.

Remy: *(quickly)* There may be another explanation, of course.

Richard: Such as what?

Raoul: *(crossing quickly to Remy's right)* Yes, man, what?

Remy: Well...the pressures of a great Opera House...all sorts of unscrupulous people become involved. Beautiful and vulnerable creature that she is...Heavens knows whose influence she may have come under.

Raoul: Of course! Why didn't I think of it before?

He has turned to Jammes in his excitement, and she uses his hand as a bar.

Somebody is manipulating her!

She uses his hand for support and pirouettes.

Using her for his own ends! *(He passes her across him to his left)* Well, he shan't succeed!

She poses low, one leg up, supported by him.

He bends so that he can speak to her.

Quickly, Jammes, where is she?

Jammes: She's probably gone to the cemetery, sir.

Raoul: The cemetery?

Jammes: Yes. *(She breaks R)* You see, her father...*(miming a beard)*...used to play the harp...*(She mimes playing a harp on one knee)*...in the orchestra here...*(She indicates it)*...till he died...*(grabbing her heart and croaking)*...and whenever she feels unhappy, she goes to pray...*(she mimes praying)*...at his grave...*(She finishes on a pose)* and ask for advice.

Raoul: The poor child! *(He crosses L)* I must go to her immediately.

Richard: No, Raoul, come back!

Raoul: Never, Father! Unless it be as her husband.

He goes, L.

Richard: The blind fool. His mother would turn in her grave if she hadn't been lost at sea. *(To Remy)* We will continue this investigation. *(He crosses L)* Back -

Remy: *(following him)* To the office?

Richard: I know where I'm going, Remy. I'm not lost.

Remy: No, sir.

By now, they are offstage.

Richard: *(off)* Which way is it?

Music. Lighting checks. Jammes stretches.

Madam Giry glides on from R and takes her by the neck. Sting. Jammes goes rigid.

Madam Giry: You shouldn't have told them that. You'll have displeased - *him*.

She releases her. Jammes flies off L, darting quick glances back at Madam Giry. Fade to Black-out with scene-change music. Segue introduction to Song No. 5. The cloth rises slowly on:

Act One - Scene Seven: The Angel Of Music

A cemetery. Later.

A number of graves with one especially large one, its headstones facing away from us, DC. Mist drifts. Christine, cloaked, enters UL, and makes her way slowly through the headstones to a small one DR, where she kneels and lays a small posy of white roses.

Christine: Oh, Father, everything was going so well. But now...

She sings.

SONG 5: ALL OF MY DREAMS FADED SUDDENLY

Raoul: *(off, speaking)* Christine!

He runs on UL.

Christine!

She turns. Both run to their right, in order to get around the big gravestone between them. They stop and run to their left. Christine runs to her right again, and Raoul holds up a hand, stopping her. He comes down the left-hand side of the gravestone and holds out his hands. They embrace.

Christine: Oh Raoul, I thought I'd lost you forever.

Raoul: I've been a fool, a selfish fool, I was - jealous.

Christine: *(astounded)* Jealous? Of whom?

Raoul: Of the person you sing for.

Christine: *(frightened)* How do you know about that?

Raoul: I followed you to your dressing-room after you ran off that night.

Christine: *(turning away)* And?

Raoul: I heard you sing to him.

She turns back quickly.

I didn't mean to eavesdrop, my darling. I simply have to know who it is.

Christine: You may not believe me.

Raoul: *(spreading his hands)* I? Disbelieve you?

Christine: Then I will tell you. It was my Angel of Music.

A long pause while Raoul looks at her, hands still spread, then he crosses below her, to R.

Raoul: Christine, you make fun of me. An Angel of Music?

Christine: My father told me about him when I was little. There is an Angel of Music in Heaven, he said - and when I die, I shall send him down to teach you to sing. And it actually happened! My Angel of Music came to me - and under his guidance, I've flowered, I've prospered.

Raoul: But Christine, there is no such thing as an Angel of Music.

Christine: *(going to him)* Oh, but there is! Only he won't appear while you're here. You must pretend to go away.

He protests.

Please, Raoul. For me.

Raoul: *(melting)* Very well. *(He claps her on the arm, and speaks in a gruff, hearty voice)* Well, Christine! It's getting late! Must dash! See you in the morning! Cheeribye! *(He indicates below portal right, whispering)* I'll be over here.

He presses himself flat against the portal, right. Christine turns, the cloak swirling, to lay a hand on the big gravestone, left, looking up.

Christine: Come to me, my Angel of music...Sing for me...

A long pause. With a shrug, Raoul steps out, ready to chide her, but as he does so, there is a sound of thin, cold wind, of high strings, and he presses himself back. Shafts of light break through the clouds, striking down into the graveyard, transforming it into a place of great beauty, and the Angel (the Phantom) sings. During the song, Raoul moves slowly amongst the tombs looking about him, up into the shafts of light. Christine kneels, and he studies her rapt expression. Gradually, he too becomes still, hypnotised by the beauty of the song.

SONG 6: WHILE FLOATING HIGH ABOVE

The music plays on below the dialogue that follows, but the Light slowly restores to normal. Raoul kneels beside Christine.

Raoul: Do you hear this at the Opera House too?

Christine: *(still spellbound)* Coming from the very walls.

Raoul: And he teaches you, talks to you?

Christine: Yes.

Raoul: In your dressing-room?

Christine: Usually, yes.

Raoul: Then, Christine, where were you?

Christine: *(taken aback)* What do you mean?

Raoul: After I heard you talking to your - Angel of Music - I went into your dressing-room, but it was empty. There was nobody there. So where were you?

Christine: *(rising, frightened)* I'm not sure.

Raoul: *(rising with her)* But you must know! How could an Angel of your dreams spirit you away? And to where?

Christine: I tell you I'm not sure! Oh, leave me alone!

She runs off UL, Raoul pursuing her.

Raoul: Christine! Come back!

But she has gone. The music finishes on a sinister note. An owl hoots, the Light dims, as Raoul moves back slowly downstage, his brain working very hard.

An Angel of Music...An Opera Ghost...An Unexplained Death...(He has a brilliant thought) Could these be related in some way?...A child might believe in an Angel...and a villain might take advantage of a child...She may be in some danger. I'd better think.

He strikes various poses in an effort to do so, but it is obvious that thinking doesn't come easy to him. However, he is spared further embarrassment, for there is a sudden grating sound, echoing. Raoul becomes alert, clenches his fists, and looks from R to L downstage, backing up to the big headstone. The grating sound becomes a thin rustling. As Raoul hits the gravestone, he drops quickly to sit on a small ledge at its base. At the same time, there is a huge sting of music - enough to make everyone jump out of their seats - and the white-gloved hands of the Phantom shoot out from either side of the headstone. Raoul continues to peer alertly directly ahead, as they bend towards his throat. The music becomes thin and eerie. They make a sudden dart for him, but unfortunately the headstone is too wide, and they can't reach. They try again, still to no avail. They clench in frustration and disappear behind the headstone. The music changes again, as one hand now appears above the top of the headstone, holding a pebble, which it drops on Raoul's head, before disappearing again. Startled, Raoul looks directly up. Then he climbs up on the headstone to peer over. As he does so, the hands dart up and take him by the throat. The music becomes loud, dramatic as the dark shape of the Phantom rises up from behind the headstone, climbing to tower above Raoul as he throttles him. He is a less distinct form this time, the mask black. Raoul's struggles become weaker, and his arms fall to his sides. All seems over with him.

Gravedigger: *(off)* Oy! What d'you two men think you're playing at?

The Phantom drops Raoul, runs DL, jumps into the auditorium, and runs to the rear as the Gravedigger enters R, carrying a spade and a lantern, running across DL to call after the Phantom.

Oy! I'm talking to you!...(he turns back) Cheeky devil. (To Raoul) Are you all right, sir? Your face is all funny.

Raoul: (gasping) Somebody just tried to kill me.

Gravedigger: Well, he came to the right place.

The sound of a galloping horse from the rear of the auditorium. Raoul joins the Gravedigger in peering off at it, their heads close together.

Now look! He's riding a bloody great white horse clear across my cemetery! (With satisfaction) Well he won't get out that way - he's heading straight for the wall.

Break in horses' hooves, their heads go up and down together, the hooves pick up again and fade.

Over the wall.

Raoul: That horse will be Caesar, no doubt! (He crosses up to the right of the headstone) And yes, by thunder, look! This stone's been moved, and the grave's empty! (He calls off after the Phantom) Angel of Music. (He bits his thumb at him) I think not, my fine friend!

As he runs off UL, scene-change music, and Lights fade quickly to Black-out. The Corridor cloth flies in. Lights build on:

Act One - Scene Eight: A Vocal Problem

Outside Carlotta's dressing-room. A little later.

The corridor is brightly lit. Tuning-up noises are heard (from off stage - not the pit), and sounds of a violent argument. Carlotta strides on from R, followed by Richard and - more slowly - Faust. She is in her "peasant" costume but carries the same distinctive fan. Richard is in evening dress. Faust is in his old man garb, but with the hood pushed back, and a beard around his neck.

Carlotta: No, no, no, I tell you I cannot continue! (She tears off her blonde plaited wig) My nodules are swollen. (Hoarse and tragic) My voice has gone. (She screams off at the top of it) Lisette!

Richard: But you were doing splendidly. And there's a Persian out front. He's come all the way from -

Faust: Persia.

Carlotta: Then I do not continue to croak in front of him.

Lisette, her maid, runs on from L, with a spray. Carlotta opens her mouth, indicates, and is sprayed.

Richard: But, diva -

Carlotta: (her mouth open, telling him to go somewhere) Uh oh.

Richard: I'm sure we can solve this little problem, diva.

Carlotta: You couldn't solve dividing four by two, you short-arsed little frog. The Jewel Song is next - where the Devil tempts Marguerite with a box of jewels - and I have to put them on while I sing. Have you any idea how difficult that is? To sing and move at the same time? (To Lisette) Order my carriage! I'll be in my dressing-room.

Lisette flies off R as Carlotta moves to her dressing-room L, pursued by Richard.

Richard: But what about your next scene? We're just coming to your next scene?

Carlotta: (off) You can stick it up your -

A door slams.

Faust: Well, at least we've been spared the medical details.

He turns R and calls people to him. Music.

Jammes, Lisette, Remy and two Stagehands hurry on to see what's up, staying in a tight group R. The tuning-up noises stop. Faust sings to them:

SONG 7: SHE SAYS SHE'S GOT THE NODULES

All pose. During the applause, Richard breaks the line, leading Carlotta back to her dressing-room.

Richard: Diva, diva, you have saved the day! A million gratitudes! *(He shouts off as the applause ends)* Get her back into her costume! *(To the others)* Places, everybody!

All hurry off R.

Richard follows them, leading Christine by the hand.

I'm sorry I shouted at you earlier. It's because I like you. We'll be starting with the Jewel Song, if you want to check anything.

He shoves her off R.

Somebody get her in the pit! And send Madam Giry to me immediately. *(He crosses L at the same time as Faust crosses R, creating a "scissors")* No so-called ghost gets the better of me.

Faust: Ha!

Richard: Oh, Claude. We'll think of another role for you instead of Romeo. *(He crosses futher, L)* What's that other opera? Pagli - pagli -

Faust: *(eagerly)* - acci!

Richard: Right!

He exits L.

Overcome with emotion, Faust strikes a pose and sings.

Faust: Ridi, pagliaccio. Sul tuo amore infranto!

Madam Giry enters from L.

Now he even has someone to sing to. He switches the remainder of the aria to her, crossing to R before the end, singing very closely and intimately, a catch in his throat.

Ridi del duol. Che t'avvelena il cor!

Madam Giry: Bugger off.

Faust takes out a big white handkerchief, and goes, R, mopping his brow, shocked.

Richard reappears from L. Tuning-up noises are heard from off.

Richard: Ah, there you are, Madam Giry. I shall watch the remainder of the performance from my usual box, if you don't mind - Box Five - and La Carlotta shall continue in the role of Maguerite...

He goes DR, jauntily. Tuning-up noises stop, and sombre music from the orchestra takes over. The lighting checks.

Madam Giry: He'll soon find out who sings like a toad around here. *(She crosses slowly L)* I keep warning them. Don't provoke him, I say. But does anybody listen? They do not. *(As she goes, L)* God knows what'll happen tonight. God knows.

Light fade quickly to Black-out. Segue drum roll into live tuning-up noises in the pit. In the Black-out, the curtains fly in, closed, the boxes truck on. Light builds on:

Act One - Scene Nine: A Farewell Performance

The stage and auditorium. Immediately following.

The Persian enters Box Six. He is a tall, dark, sinister figure in a black coat, astrakhan collar and hat. He stands. Richard almost falls into Box Five. He shows the conductor two crossed fingers, then sees the Persian. They look hard at one another, sitting slowly, not taking their eyes off one another. Raoul hurries into Box Five - having changed into evening dress.

Raoul: Father, I think we should hold the curtain! I have some vital new information concerning the ghost!

Richard: Don't be ridiculous.

Raoul: But Father, something terrible's happened!

Richard: And something terrible's going to happen on stage, if this goes wrong.

Raoul sees Debieenne in the auditorium, helping Christine clamber into the orchestra pit, whispering.

Raoul: What's Christine doing?

Richard: What does it look like she's doing? She's singing the Jewel Song for us.

Music begins, and Lights start to fade.

Raoul: But surely Carlotta's doing Marguerite tonight?

Richard: Carlotta is miming the role - *(he demonstrates with his fingers)* - your girlfriend is going to sing it for her down there. Now shut up!

The curtain rises on a room in a large house, since that is the way the scene is being produced this year. To the rear, the usual Faust cloth.

R and L, two chairs. Flown above C, a large heavy-looking iron candelabra on chains, all ver medieval. DC, the large, ornate jewel box.

Carlotta enters, and tumultuous applause greets her.

She basks in it then calms it down, indicating her throat: she is about to sing. She point dramatically backwards to the jewel box without looking at it.

SONG 8: WHAT DO I SEE?

Carlotta: *(to the conductor)* Stop it, stop it, you unutterable fool! *(She looks for Christine, who seems to have sunk down out of sight)* Don't let her out of the pit! I'm going to kill her!

Conductor: I think she's fainted.

By now Raoul is supporting Christine.

Richard, Remy, Debieenne, Madam Giry and Jammes run onstage, Jammes clearing the jewel-box.

Raoul: Christine!

Richard: What's happened to her?

Raoul: *(supporting her)* She appears to be drugged, Father.

Richard: Then who was making those extraordinary noises?

The booming, echoing laugh of the Phantom rings around the auditorium, and the chandelier glows with bright light. All stare out front.

The Phantom: (off) She was singing to bring down the chandelier.

Richard: The chandelier!

The sound of hacksawing and tinkling of crystal, and the chandelier above the audience begins to swing alarmingly. All rush to the front, and in ad-lib try to persuade the audience of their danger, and get them to move.

Carlotta stays UC.

All this should be allowed to continue as long as possible before being interrupted.

The Phantom: (off) No!

All stop. The hacksawing stops.

Not that one! (His voice becomes honeyed, intimate and moves to the stage) This one.

With a gasp, all turn to look. Carlotta stares at them, then up at the iron candelabra above her head. She screams. All Lights snap off except for two tiny specials, angled upwards to light only the candelabra. It drops out of the light, fast. There is an instantaneous Black-out using black-out cards - and an almighty and lengthy crash. A pause, then the lighting is restored. Carlotta lies under the ruined candelabra in a pall of smoke and dust. All gasp and hurry up to surround her - all except Faust who only strolls UL, examining his fingernails.

Faust: Well. That's cured her nodules.

All stare at him. Black-out. Music. The curtains fly fully out, the Corridor cloth comes in, the boxes truck off, and Light builds on:

Act One - Scene Ten: The Ghost's Allowance

A corridor near the stage. Later the same night.

The scene is not too brightly lit. The weary Richard trudges on from R, followed by Remy.

Richard: All I want is one nice normal performance. Is that too much to ask?

Remy: Not really, sir.

Richard: And all because of a fallacious Phantom whose alleged existence is being perpetuated by some trickster who wants a free box every night, and his girlfriend singing Marguerite. Well, he's not going to make me do it, Remy. Because he doesn't frighten me - nothing frightens me.

Madam Giry, carrying another letter, makes a silent entrance from L.

Richard turns L to find Madam Giry. He nearly has a heart attack.

What is it now, Madam Giry?

Madam Giry: I have another letter for you, sir - from him.

Richard: (snatching it) How dare him! (He rips it open) Heads are going to roll for this, Madam Giry, and yours could well be the first!

The 'Ghost' music underlays as he reads.

"Dear Mr Richard, the shock of poor Carlotta's accident" - underlined again, you see - "has reminded me that you have not yet paid me my allowance of 20,000 francs for this month. Accordingly, I have instructed Madam Girya to follow a different procedure on this occasion. Yours faithfully, O.G."...You see? Allowance, indeed! Well, this time the thief's gone too far, because this time we shall catch him! *(He gives the letter to Remy, then turning to Madam Girya, he becomes excessively charming)* Would you mind awfully telling me what is this 'different procedure', Madam Girya? **Madam Girya:** I don't see why not. Acting under our Ghost's instructions, I extracted 20,000 francs from this month's income from the boxes, which I then gave to Mr Remy.

Remy: You did *what*?

Madam Girya: *(to Richard)* Those, sir, were my instructions - to slip the money into Mr Remy's pocket when he wasn't looking. Needless to say, I did it easily.

A pause as Richard slowly turns to Remy.

Richard: *(quietly and deadly)* So, Remy. Et tu, Judas? Mine own faithful servant, a worm in the apple...*(He grabs him in an armlock, and sticks his hand in Remy's pocket)* Is this the pocket, Madam Girya?

Madam Girya: Yes, sir.

Richard: Empty! *(He releases him)* Well, Remy? What have you got to say for yourself?

Remy: *(fed up)* Well perhaps there is a Ghost.

Richard: *(beside himself)* I am sick and tired of saying there are so such things...*(with enormous irony)*...unless, of course, some 'Ghost' wafted it out of your pocket and put it into -

He breaks off, his hand in his pocket.

Madam Girya: Something the matter, sir?

He brings out a piece of paper and reads it.

Richard: "Received with thanks the sum of 20,000 francs, O.G." *(Brokenly)* O.G. ...

Music - slightly comic. He moves slowly to R, a beaten and a broken man.

Remy: *(smugly)* Is there anything we can do, sir?

Richard: Mm? Oh, no, no Remy, just - just -

Remy: Carry on, sir?

Richard: Yes, that'll be fine...Oh, and you'd better put Miss Daae's name in the -

Remy: Programme?

Richard: She'll be singing Marguerite tomorrow.

Richard exits.

The music becomes sinister, the lighting checks, Madam Girya glides up behind Remy.

Madam Girya: It always gets them like that the first time -

Remy jumps.

- when they discover 'he' really does exist.

She goes L. He stares after her, then up at the gathering gloom. As he goes to run, off R, fade to Black-out. The music builds into a crescendo of cymbal roll, and the cloth rises on:

Act One - Scene Eleven: The Phantom Of The Opera

The roof. A little later.

At the rear, facing away from us, is the huge statue of Apollo. To the R and L of it, filling the second portal, are balustrades. Similar balustrade pieces run DR and DL, angled so as to permit an entrance between them and the first portal. The sky is full of stars, and a thin wind blows. Wearing a shawl, Christine stands to L of the statue, staring out at the night sky. An old man enters R, strewing bird-seed.

Old Man: Here, birdies...Here, birdies...*(He sees her)* Hallo, miss.

Christine: Hallo.

Old Man: What are you doing on the roof this time of night?

Christine: I might ask you the same.

Old Man: Oh, I've worked here for years - they let me do as I please now - *(crossing L)* - but I shouldn't stay too long - it gets a bit nippy this high up. *(He strews some seed)* Here, birdies...Here, birdies...here - *(He swallows a handful, his mouth full)* - birdies...

He goes, L. There is a pause.

The Phantom: *(off, very faint)* Chris - tine...

She reacts, turning front, DL, frightened.

Raoul: *(off, faint)* Christine...!

She reacts in relief, believing it to have been Raoul she heard the first time. He hurries on from R.

Christine! *(He goes to her)* What are you doing up here? *(He takes her hand and leads her R)* Come back down.

Christine: *(resisting)* No.

Sting, and music underlays all that follows. She pulls him back to C.

Everything down there belongs to *him*. I know that now. I've known it ever since you spoke to me in the graveyard. Until then, I thought it was only a dream.

Raoul: I don't understand.

Christine: Listen, and I'll tell you. *(She crosses R)* It was the night Mephistopheles was killed - the night you came to my dressing-room.

Raoul: When I heard you talking to - your Angel of Music?

Christine: Yes, he came to comfort me - or so I thought - it had all been so awful. And then, a strange thing happened - something I'd never seen before. *(She crosses L)* The mirror began to spin...faster and faster...and all of a sudden, I was on the other side...I was there.

Raoul: Where, Christine?

Christine: I don't know. It was almost black. But Caesar was there, too - the white horse that vanished...And standing beside him - this mysterious figure.

The music changes as the white-gloved hand of the Phantom appears from behind the statue. During the following, the Phantom slowly edges round, reacting to all he hears until he towers above them.

Raoul: What did he look like?

Christine: I couldn't tell. He wore a mask. You must understand I thought I was dreaming. How was it possible unless it were a dream?

Raoul: You must tell me, Christine. It's perfectly safe. We're quite alone. Tell me about your dream.

Christine: He put me up onto Caesar's back, and led me down...down through the corridors and strange traps...*(She crosses R)* Sometimes, in the distance, I could see men working at boilers or gas lamps, but they never seemed to see us...We went down, further down - until we came to a lake...*(She turns to him)* Raoul, there *is* a lake below the Opera House! There's an island on it, and that's where he lives.

Raoul: Forgive me, Christine, but I can't...

Christine: *(going to him)* It's true! Believe me! He wanted me to stay there with him forever.

Raoul: The swine.

Christine: No, Raoul, he loves me. Oh, how he loves me. It breaks my heart.

Raoul: *(hurt)* Christine...

He turns away, and she moves quickly round to his left.

Christine: Oh no, Raoul, I told him I couldn't stay. And he did let me go...but only after I promised to sing Marguerite one last time. And then I seemed to wake up in my dressing-room, as if from a dream. It was only when you told me that you had found it empty that I began to suspect. And when I heard his voice and the chandelier fell, I knew. It was no dream, and there was no Angel of Music. The man was real. And who else could he be but the one we call...the Phantom of the Opera?

The music stops. He takes her hands.

Raoul: Christine, I'm going to take you away from all this danger.

Christine: No, I must keep my promise. Mr Richard has asked me to sing Marguerite tomorrow, and I must.

Raoul: Then after the performance? Will you come away with me then?

Christine: Yes, it's for the best. *(She sinks to the floor)* Poor Phantom. Poor little ghost.

Raoul: *(kneeling beside her)* How can you pity the creature? The man's mad.

Christine: Mad with love. And yet I can't return it, all of my love is for you.

A faint sigh from the Phantom.

(Startled) What was that?

Music. The Phantom presses himself to the right side of the statue as Raoul looks around.

Raoul: Just the wind. *(He holds her)* It's all right, we're quite alone.

The music continues as the Phantom returns to tower above them. The music builds to a crescendo, and he lifts his arms. It seems he must leap down on them, but he sags and the music quietens.

The Phantom: *(faint, tortured whisper)* Oh, Christine...You...betray...me...

He sings.

SONG 9: TO PAIN MY HEART SELFISHLY DOOMS ME

Play-off begins as Raoul helps her to her feet.

Raoul: Come. My coach will be at the rear of the building immediately after the performance tomorrow and then we shall be gone - far away from this devilish place.

He leads her off, R. The music changes as the Phantom jumps from the statue. It seems he must chase after them and tear Raoul apart, but he cannot. He rages, then slumps, defeated.

Old Man: *(off)* Here, birdies...

The music changes as the Phantom tries to hide behind the statue R.

The Old Man enters L, strewing some seed.

Here, birdies...*(He sees the Phantom)* Hallo, who are you?

The music builds, the rage and grief explodes. The Phantom takes him by the throat.

No! No!

The Phantom forces him off R.

The Phantom reappears, to drag him across stage, L. The Old Man has been swapped for a dummy, but the actor still speaks the dialogue. The Phantom lifts him high.

No! No! Put me down!

The music stops as the Phantom hurls him over the balustrade, L, into the night, his long, dying scream echoing as it fades. Timpani roll, and the Phantom runs DC, where the Lights pick him out.

The Phantom: (screaming) Christine!...You will be mine!

He turns to move upstage. Music, to a finish, the Lights fading to Black-out. The curtain flies in, the boxes truck on, the House Lights and Chandelier build to full.

End Of Act One